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# DITSON EDITION

No. 114

## Giuseppe Concone

### FIFTEEN VOCALISES

Op. 12

FOR SOPRANO

EDITED BY

DR. L. BENDA

With English Text by

A. S. BRIDGMAN

BOSTON

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## PREFACE


**G**IUSEPPE CONCONE was born at Turin in 1810. As a teacher of singing, as well as of the piano, he lived in Paris from 1832 until the French Revolution of 1848 caused him to return to his native city. Here he became maestro di capella and organist at the Chapel Royal, a position he filled until his death June 1, 1861.

While Concone wrote several operas, various vocal scenes, songs, and piano compositions, he is known to-day chiefly by his vocalises, which through their melodiousness and great practical value have acquired a world-wide reputation. As the natural consequence of their great usefulness they have become extensively adopted, and numerous editions have appeared in almost every country where the Art of Singing is cultivated. In critical value the great majority of these editions have been deficient. The editor has therefore sought with painstaking care to perfect every detail of this edition as to breathing marks, signs of expression, and especially as to the phrasing, a feature of the greatest importance, and hitherto either overlooked, treated in a perfunctory manner, or marked without consistent uniformity.

While these fifteen vocalises are intended, as their name implies, to be *vocalized*,—sung with the broad Italian A (ah)—their usefulness is thereby limited. Singers must be able to use with equal facility all the vowel sounds, and need especially to cultivate beautiful diction in their own tongue. This highly important element in singing is too often neglected. Therefore to aid teachers and students, English text has been written for this edition—lyrics which seek in each case to catch the spirit of the music and at the same time fit the florid movement.

Every editorial detail added has been in line with the purpose of the work which, in Concone's words, is:—

- I. "To place and fix the voice accurately."
- II. "To develop *taste* while singing broad, elegant, and rhythmical melodies."



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# FIFTEEN VOCALISES

1

## FOR SOPRANO

### JUNE

Take breath at ' or during rests

Edited by Dr. L. BENDA

English text by A. S. BRIDGMAN

GIUSEPPE CONCONE, Op. 12

Moderato cantabile quasi lento  $\text{♩} = 80$

1

Long white blooms are

hang - ing on the lo - cust tree, Soft - ly

booms the hon - ey - la - den bee,

Far and near the per - fum'd breez - es blow,

*largamente e dolce*

June is here, — June is here, I know, Ah — well do I

*col canto*

*, rall. a tempo*

know, Ah, Yes I know, but Oh my heart, how

*a tempo*

long, — long a - go, — We made a part, — We made a

*Fine*

part — of bur-ied June, be-neath the years and snow. —

*p Fine*



## Poco più animato (♩ = 92)

*mf elegante*

Now \_\_\_\_\_ do I hear \_\_\_\_\_ ring-ing voi - ces, Mer - ry

laugh - ter, Now \_\_\_\_\_ do I hear \_\_\_\_\_ ring-ing

voi - ces, Mer - ry laugh - ter Sweet - ly fall-ing

on mine ear, Whence the sound, com-ing now, loud and clear? \_\_\_\_\_

*p*

From \_\_\_\_\_ the past, or are they here, Come they

now from the past, or are they here? \_\_\_\_\_ Whence come they

now? \_\_\_\_\_ Voi-ces ring - ing loud and clear, From the past, or are they

here, or are they here? *f* No, ah \_\_\_\_\_ no, All are

gone, gone for me, years a - go. *poco rit.* Ah \_\_\_\_\_ *D.S. %*

*p* *D.S. %*



# THE BRIGHT SUN

5

Andante cantabile (♩ = 76)

*dolce e legato*

2

*p legato*

Day is o - ver, Gone how

far a-way, From the heav-en has fad-ed thy gold-en ray.

Oh, thou bright sun, Where art gone, where art thou gone?

Lands how for-eign, homes and hearts how strange, dost thou now look up-on?



*mf*

Broad palms are there, and waft - ed far a-long the shore

*mf*

Sweet o - dors rise sweet o - dors rise a-cross the sea.

*p*

There the boat-men sing and lean-ing on the bend-ed oar

*p* *mf*

Ask a morn-ing gift from thee, a gift from thee, from thee, oh

*ad lib.*

sun! they ask a morn-ing gift from thee, oh sun, while here, —

*a tempo*

Day is o - ver Gone how far a - way how

far a - way, Now from the heav'n has fad - ed, has —

fad - ed thy — ray. — Where art thou gone, bright sun;



Where, Ah ——— where art thou gone? What strange and for - eign

*poco rit.* lands, what strange and for-eign lands, now dost thou look up - on. Where art thou  
*a tempo dolce*

*col canto*

*dolcissimo*

now, oh gold-en sun, — Oh where art thou now, — oh where art thou

now, oh gold-en sun, where art thou now? ———



Allegro moderato assai (♩ = 84)

*p* *elegante*

Feath - ered, oh so light - ly

3 *p*

See how frail a thing am I — Gold - en broid-er'd

bright - ly An air - y noth - ing do I lie, And yet—

*dim.* *p*

strong — men well may fear — me Well may fear my mag-ic pow - er.

*p*

*p* Well may— trem-ble trem-ble to come near— me, and low be-fore me

*p dolce* cower. When the gay co-quette al-lur-ing, Her prey of hearts an old and sub-tle

*p* weap - on seeks. Me she takes, and long en - dur-ing Her lov - er

*p* then— vain-ly, vain-ly to her speaks. Then must he, tho' mad with



long-ing Be - hold — all — our — charm - ing art,

Then do we, his true love wronging, Then do we tor - ment his heart, his faith-ful

heart. We tear his heart with all our art, Oh let him have a

care of my la - dy fair, — Ah — — — — — Feath - ered, oh so light - ly,



See how frail a thing am I \_\_\_\_\_ Gold - en broid-er'd

bright - ly An air - y noth-ing do I lie \_\_\_\_\_

Yet — men well may fear, and trem - ble to come near, 'Twere

well — to have a care, — to have a care, — of my la - dy

*animando poco a poco*

fair. Withcru-el art — we tear a heart, — Withcru-el art — we tear a —

*animando poco a poco*

*riten.*

heart, — Oh — have a care — of my la - dy fair, — Oh have a

*riten.*

*p a tempo*

care — of my la - dy fair. We tear a faith-ful heart withcru-el

*a tempo*

*energico f.*

art, — We tear a faith-ful heart withall our art. —

*f*



## SUMMER NOON

Andantino grazioso (♩. = 66)

4

*dolce**p**tranquillamente**p*

Now — the gold-en noon, — the drow-sy earth — in lan-guor is fold - ing

*p*

While — the wan-d'ring moon, — a for - got-ten cloud — on her bos-om is hold - ing

*p*

Else — were the heav'ns bare, — for the noon is high — o-ver field and mead - ow



*p*

Sleeps — the wild beast in his lair, — and toil-ing man glad-ly would rest in the

*p*

shad - ow Oh, — Now — the drow-sy earth — all qui-et

*p*

lies — in the gold-en noon, — Now — the for - got - ten

*p*

cloud, — like a phan-tom rests — with the wan-der-ing moon.

*dolce*

Now — all — a — long — the shal — low stream, ——— Where the sil — ver — mot — tled

trout — play,                      Where the long — ar — row — leaves — dream, ———

*p*

— a zeph-yr seems to                      stray.                      Then, — sweep-ing o'er — the

*p*

ri — pen'd grain, ——— a — wel — come rush — ing sound is heard,



Low - ing cat - tle feel - the com - ing rain, ——— And pipes a plain-tive

bird. Now — un - furl - ing, Mad - ly whirl - ing, clouds a -

rise, ——— Fork - ed light - nings fly, Far — a -

cross - the sky, And - the rain ———

*pp*  
falls, — The rain — falls —

*pp dolciss.*

*cresc.* — till the storm goes by — *f* Then — *pp* the fresh-en'd

*cresc.* *f* *pp* *dolciss. e legato*

earth, — re - viv - ing glows — with joy once more, —

*p* All — the val-leys laugh, — all the val-leys laugh, — for the storm is



*espress.*

o'er The fresh-en'd earth, — re - viv - ing glows, — re - viv - ing

glows, — with joy once more. The fresh-en'd earth, — re - viv - ing

*f* *pp*

glows, — re - viv - ing glows, — with joy once more — For the storm is

*pp*

o'er, — the storm is o'er. —

*pp*

## THE MOUNTAIN PATH

Allegretto pastorale (♩ = 63)

*p* *grazioso*

With heart as light as air, — The moun-tain path I

tread, — No bur-den do I bear, — No dan-ger do I

dread. The riv-er far be-low me, A thread of sil-ver

*pp*

seems, — A-glow with peace and plen-ty, The hap-py val-ley

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto pastorale' with a metronome marking of 63 quarter notes per minute. The score consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and chords in the treble. The vocal line is melodic and includes lyrics. Dynamics include piano (*p*) and pianissimo (*pp*). The tempo marking is 'Allegretto pastorale' with a metronome marking of 63. The piece is in D major and 6/8 time.



dreams. With lust-y voice I gai-ly sing, And far and near 'the ech-oes

*p* *mf*

*p*

ring, Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho, yo ho, ——— Then

*poco rall.* *p* *pp* *p*

*poco rall.*

on my way I go, ——— With heart as light as air, ——— No

*a tempo* *p*

*a tempo*

dan-ger do I know, — No — bur-den do I bear.

*poco rit.* *Fine.*

*poco rit.*

*Scherzoso**p*

Sun-beams with shad-ows are play - ing, In ev-'ry gloom-y nook stray - ing,

*p a tempo*

Now may I hap - ly dis - cov - er, Where all the fair-y folk dwell.

In— a-corn cup, In— cow-slip bell, Come, come to the mag - ic ring.

*p*

Wher-e'er ye be, Come forth to me, come fair - ies, come, dance and

*rit.*



*p a tempo*

sing \_\_\_\_\_ La \_\_\_\_\_

*p a tempo*

La \_\_\_\_\_

*p*

La \_\_\_\_\_ Un - der the green-wood

tree, Come forth to me, \_\_\_\_\_ Come forth to me. \_\_\_\_\_ With

*p* *S*

*D.C.* *S*

## THE CARRIER DOVE

*Adagio espressivo* (♩ = 60) *p* *con sentimento*

Go thou — forth, oh white — dove,

On swift — pin — ion fly, — — — — — Forth to my far — off

love, — — — — — Wher — e'er his home may — lie. — — — — —

— To my love de — part, — — — — — Speak of my con — stant

*f* *pp* *cresc.* *f* *pp*



heart. ——— Go thou forth, oh dove, ——— on swift pin-ion

*pp*

*cresc.*

fly thou forth, — fly forth, oh dove. 'Neath thy white — wing —

*Rall.*

*Tempo*

*più energico*

bound — se-cure - ly, Lies — a let-ter to my love

*Alleg.*

Now — far a-bove the ground, must thou de-mure-ly Soar a-way, a - way, oh

*riten.*

*dim.*

*a piacere* *p leggiero* *rall. assai* *p*

dove. Soar — a - way Ah — Ah —

*p dolce espress. a tempo* *p*

Go thou — forth, oh dove, oh — dove, On thy — swift pin-ion

fly Fly — forth, ah fly, ah fly to my

far - off love, Wher - e'er his home may



lie. Fly ——— forth, ——— oh ——— dove, on thy ——— swift ——— pin - ion

This system features a vocal melody in G major with a key signature of one flat. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes sixteenth-note triplets and sixteenth-note runs. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

fly, Fly ——— forth, ——— oh ——— fly forth, on swift ——— pin - ion

This system continues the vocal melody with similar rhythmic patterns, including sixteenth-note triplets and runs. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the previous system.

fly, To my far - off ——— love, ——— Fly ——— forth, ———

This system introduces a new vocal phrase. The piano accompaniment changes to a more active eighth-note pattern in the right hand, while the left hand continues with a steady bass line.

fly forth now, ——— fly forth, oh dove. ———

This system concludes the piece. It includes handwritten annotations: "oh dove" and "fly" in blue ink above the vocal line, and a "p" (piano) dynamic marking below the piano part. The piano accompaniment features a final cadence with a whole note chord in the right hand and a half note in the left hand.

## THE WOODPATH

Allegro giusto (♩ = 104)

*mf* Thro' the

*mf* *p*

wood I go, Thro' the lone-ly for - est way,

*mf* *risoluto*

Start - led owl - ets cross my path, and near me screams the jay. The

*energico*

wood-man's stroke is loud re - sound - ing, And far a - way I hear him

*sf* *p*



OSSIA *mf* *cresc.* *f*

call. Ah ah ah

*p dolce*

ah, how clear the call, Blown by what far

*p*

*rf*

Wind to— me Fain would I find the wood - mantall, His

*f* *risoluto energico*

face, his rud-dy face would I see. Then with eag-er foot I force my way

Thro' the gnarl-ed oak and long vine, Thro' the wi - ly thorn and

la - dy fern, And cling-ing arms that round me — twine, — And arms that

round — me — twine, Thro' long — cling - ing vine, with

eag - er foot I force my way — Thro' the gnarl-ed oak and



thro' the wi - ly thorn, I force my way Ah ah

ah ah, with eag - er foot,

Thro' long vine and gnarl - ed oak, Far thro' the wood I

force my way, to find that far - off stroke Ah

*dolce* *espress.*

Thro' the wood I go, Thro' the lone - ly

OSSIA

*f energico*

for - est way, Start - led owl - ets

cross my path, And near me screams the jay.

*con forza*

With eag - er foot I force my —



*con forza*

way, I force my — way. With eag - er foot I

force my way, With —

*p dolce*

eag - er foot I force my way, Thro' long vine now — I

*cresc.* *f* *ff*

force my way, With eag - er foot — do I now force my way.

## THE OPEN WINDOW

Andantino amabile (♩. = 54)

8

*p dolce*

*a mezza voce*

Oh, my Love, — my Love, thou art so fair, — Brow of

*p*

snow — and crown of gold-en hair. — Oh, my Love, — my

Love be-yond com-pare, — Hear my vow — that I make on bend-ed



knee Hear — me now — as I pledge my soul to thee

*Poco più mosso* (♩. = 60)  
*p dolce*

Here at thy o - pen win - dow, Reck-less red ros - es clam - ber,

O, might I dare to clam-ber there, — to clam-ber there, — Oh,

here at thy o - pen win - dow, Reck-less red ros - es clam - ber,

*p* *cresc.* *mf* *poco riten.*

Oh, — might — I — dare, oh might I dare to clam-ber there! Thou art so

*p* *a piacere*

fair, Oh, might I — dare to clam-ber there, Thou art so fair, —

*Tempo I* *p*

— My Love, — the ros - es clam-ber there, — Oh, that I might

*p*

dare, — My Love, thou art so fair! — Brow of snow — and



gold - en hair, — Reck-less ros - es clam-ber there, — Thou art so

fair, Thou — art — so — fair, — Oh, — might I, — might I

dare, Thou — art — so — fair, Oh, might I dare to clam-ber —

there! — My Love, thou art so fair, — My — Love, be - yond com-pare!

## TWILIGHT

*Larghetto* (♩ = 100)

*p espressivo*

Late and low the swal - low flies,

*p dolce*

Now - all - the - flock - may home-ward go, - the flock home may go -

From the brook the va - pors rise, and pale yel - low stars - be - gin to

show. Crown'd with pur - ple shad - ows fair,

*p*



*leggiero*

Night — has found — the wait — ing hills, Hap-py voi-ces float — thro' the

sum — mer air, — And tran-quil joy, — and tran-quil joy — the twi — light

*p* *dolce*

fills. Ah — Ah — Ah — Ah — Voi — ces on — the

sum — mer air, Ah Ah Ah Ah

*p* Float - ing forth, — fill the twi - light fair. Night — has found the

pur - ple hills, And — joy the twi - light fills. Ah —

*a piacere*

*cresc.* Ah — Ah — Now night has found the pur-ple hills, and tran-quil joy the twi-light

*f*

*rall. dim.*

fills. — Ah — Late and low the swal - low flies,

*a tempo*

*p*



And — all — the — flock — may home-ward go, — the flock may home - ward go. —

Now from — the — brook the va - pors rise, And now — pale — yel-low stars — be-gin to .

*poco rall.*

*colla voce*

*a tempo*

show. Ah — Ah — Ah —

Ah — Hap-py voi-ces float thro' the sum-mer air, — float thro' the sum-mer

air. Ah — Ah — Ah — Ah — Hap-py voi - ces,

hap - py - voi - ces thro' the sum - mer air. float thro' the sum-mer

air, — And fill with joy — the twi-light fair, — float thro' the sum-mer

air, — and fill with joy — the twi-light fair. —



## THE LOVER'S BOAT

Allegro vivo (♩ = 136)

10

*p*

O-ver the roll-ing wa-ter wide, my lov-er's boat must go,— Home and har-bor

far be-hind, what van-tage may he know? O-ver the roll-ing wa-ter wide, his boat must sail a-

*f*

way, Home and har-bor far be-hind, oh where shall he meet the day? Where shall he meet the

day? Ah,— where meet the day? Wom-an-heart-ed, now a-lone, I cry to him a-

*p*

far When will he come to me a-gain a-cross the har-bor bar? When will his boat have

safe re-turn from all the winds that blow? Thro' what tem-pest may he pass of blind-ing rain or

snow? Heart of mine, thy trem-or calm, O heart, dis-pel thy fear. Out of the gray en-

fold-ing cloud, a voice I seem to hear, Heart of mine, thy trem-or calm, O heart, dis-pel thy



fear. Out of the gray en - fold - ing cloud, a voice I seem to hear, He\_ will come a -

gain, Oh my heart, I know! Out of the wind and roll - ing wave, the blind - ing rain and

snow, He\_ will come a - gain, Oh\_ my heart, I know, Oh\_ my heart, I

know. O - ver the roll - ing wa - ter wide, my lov - er's boat must

come, - He\_ will find - a - gain, at last, - a har - bor and - a

*p*

home. Out of the gray en - fold - ing clouds, his boat will come I

know, Out of the wind and roll - ing wave, the blind - ing rain or

snow, Heart of mine, calm the fear, He - will come, now - I know, He - will come,

he - will come, out of the rain and snow. Heart of mine, calm thy fear, He - will come,

now I know, He - will come, o - ver the bar, his boat will come, I know.



## THE TOURNAMENT

Lento patetico (♩ = 84)

*p* *espress.*

11

How may I prove my Love,

How may my heart de-clare All that it owes to

her, most fair. — She is a la - dy bright,

Born — to high de - gree, — I am — but a wan-d'ring

knight, from \_ far coun - try. She is a la - - dy, How shall I

prove \_ my love? How shall I all my heart's de - vo - tion show? Un-to the

tour - - ney now will I go, \_ Un - to the tour - ney, the tour - ney will I

go. Ah

*a piacere*

*Adagio*

*colla voce*



*p* Scar-let my ban-ner float-ing far, and scar-let the knot up -

*p staccato*

on my sad - dle bow, Gleam-ing is all my ar - mor bright, All

gleam-ing, as forth I go. — The trum-pets are loud-ly

call - ing me, And gai-ly I face my dough-ty foe. The

tour-ney shall prove my love, As gai - ly to the lists I go. As forth I

go, to meet my foe, as forth I go, to meet my foe.

*p* Scarlet my ban-ner float-ing far, And scar-let the knot up - on my sad-dle bow,

Now will I show to my La - dy fair, How brave-ly forth a knight may go.



*p grazioso*

Hap - ly her heart, her gen-tle heart, Mer - cy will show, — will mer - cy

show, as I thus I thus de - part, As to the tour - ney forth I

*p*

go. — Scar - let the knot I wear for her, Fast to my sad-dle

*p dolce*

bow, — All my love is here, as to the tour - ney forth we go.

Hap - ly her heart, her gen - tle heart, Mer - cy then will

show to me, As I thus de - part, To meet my foe-man who-so-e'er he

be, To meet my foe who-e'er he be. Her heart may mer - cy show to

me, As forth I go — To meet my foe, — As forth I go, Ah! —

Scar-let my ban-ner float - ing far, And scar-let the knot up -

*p staccato*



on my sad - dle bow, Gleaming is all my ar - mor bright, All

gleam-ing, as forth I go. Now let, now let him ad -

vance, Now let my foe - man ad - vance! Let him look, let him

look to his sword and lance, Let him look, let him look to his sword, to his sword and

lance, Let him ad - vance, with sword and lance, Let him ad - vance!

## THE SUMMER WIND

Adagio espressivo (♩ = 66)

12

*dolce espress.*

Oh thou gen - tle sum - mer wind,

Thou to all the wear-y earth art kind, Canst thou give me back one

day of youth, Or canst thou one lost il-lu - sion find?

*p*



*mf* *leggiero*

Cool show'rs of bless - - ing

*mf* *p*

Drop from thy wings, — on the parch'd and wear - y earth,

*mf* *leggiero*

My brow ca - ress - - ing,

*mf* *p*

Canst thou bring my wear - y heart one drop — of care - less mirth?

No, Ah No

No ah, No

rall. dim.

rall.

*a tempo con molto espress.*

No, thou gen - tle sum - mer wind, Tho' to earth thou'rt

*a tempo*

*p*



*dolce*

kind, not one day of my youth canst thou find. Tho' cool-ing show-ers thou bringst the

*vibrato* *dolce* *p*

flow-ers, No drop of joy canst thou bring to me, Tho' cool-ing show-ers thou bringst the

*rit.* *a tempo* *a tempo* *colla voce*

flow-ers, Thou canst not bring back my lost youth to me. Sum - mer

wind, Sum - mer wind.

## THE FALCONS

Allegro giusto (♩ = 100) *con brio*

13 *mf* *staccato*

Far a - bove, the fal - cons fly,

Far a - bove, the fal - cons fly, Where the hawk sweeps thro' the sky,

Where the hawk sweeps thro' the sky.

*p*

Tho' he bold - ly cuts the blue, They, strong winged, more bold - ly o'er him rise,

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is 'Allegro giusto' with a quarter note equal to 100 beats per minute. The music is marked 'con brio'. The piano part features a prominent staccato accompaniment in the right hand, often in chords, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note pattern. The voice part has lyrics that describe falcons and a hawk. The score is divided into systems, with a large number '13' at the beginning of the first system. Dynamics include mezzo-forte (mf) and piano (p). The piece concludes with a final flourish in the piano part.



Till, with in - stinct true, They down-ward dart and gain their prize, —

Till, with in - stinct true, — they down-ward dart, They dart and gain their prize,

*p legato*

So, on strong wing, my fal-con heart — is ev-er soar - ing,

*p*

T'ward my proud Love, whose haugh-ty grace I fol-low, still a - dor - ing

*p* Tho' she spread her pin-ions bright, In daz-zling air so far a-bove,

Yet, more bold-ly mount-ing t'ward the light, My heart will seize her love. Ah \_\_\_\_\_

*dim. pp*

For, on strong wing, my fal-con heart, her grace a - dor - ing,

*p*

Tho' she fly a - bove, will bold-ly mount and seize her love.



Tho' she spreads her pin-ions bright, in daz-zling air, — so far a - bove — me,

Mount - ing t'ward the light, — my soar-ing heart will yet her cap-tor — be.

*leggiero*

Oh my haugh-ty — Love, thou dost soar a - bove, — Far, where the —

fal-cons fly, Where the hawk so bold - ly cuts the sky. But more bold - ly —

do they rise On strong wing, to gain their prize. See, my haugh-ty

Love, See the fal-con soar a-bove, Tho' the hawk now sweeps the

skies, tho' he sweeps the skies, They will gain their prize. Love, thou now art

free, Yet will my heart cap-ture thee!



Andante espressivo ( $\text{♩} = 60$ ) *dolce*

14

Now, all for-sak - - en,

Lie the sum-mer flowers, No more to wak - en,

Gone— are their gold-en hours. Gone from the gar - den,

Flown from the field, Sum - mer now her



*dolce*

crown must yield, Sum-mer now must yield, For her con-q'ror

comes thro' the wood and field. Ah, \_\_\_\_\_

### Allegro giusto risoluto (♩ = 108)

Robed all in pur-ple glo-ry, See, where the roy-al train so

long Famed in song and sto-ry, Comes thro' the wood, o'er the plain. Lo, he



comes! All his ban - ners fly - ing, ban - ners fly - ing, and all his

pur - ple train, Lo, a - gain the roy - al mon - arch comes,

— He comes a - gain a - cross the plain, Gold and jew - els rare, his court are

wear - - ing, Spar - kling dia - monds strew their on - ward

way, their on - ward way, Rud - dy torch - es. ev - 'ry\_ where are

flar - - ing, Lo, they come, in long bright ar - ray, Lo, they come on their

way, come in long bright ar - ray, thro' the wood, o'er the field, Sum-mer now must\_\_

*poco rall.* *a tempo*  
*p* *risoluto*  
yield. Ah! they come in long and bright ar - ray,\_\_ Robed all in pur-ple glo - ry



See, where the roy - al train so long Far-famed in song and sto - ry

Comes thro' the wood, o'er the plain. What is the roy - al mon - arch's

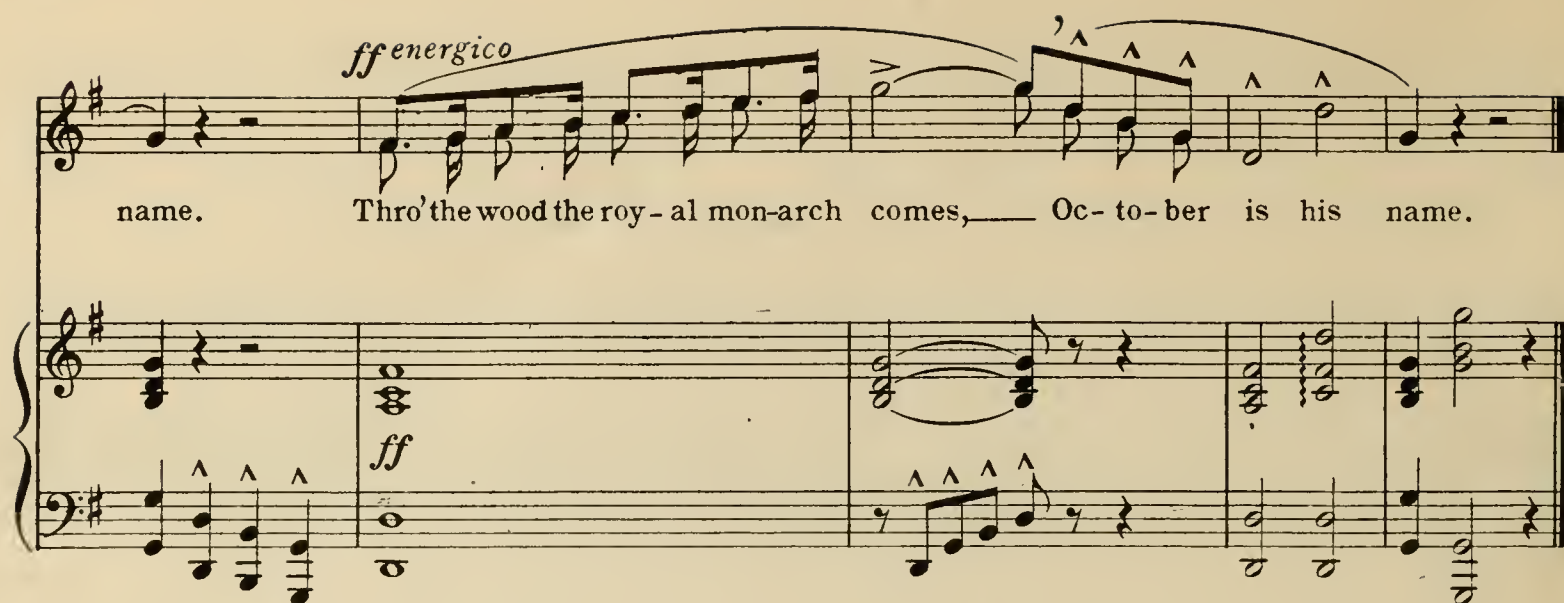
name? Ah! what his name? Tell me now, what his name! Lo, he comes, Lo, he

comes thro' the wood, o'er the plain, Tell me now, tell me now, what his name, what his

*ff energico*

name. Thro' the wood the roy - al mon - arch comes, — Oc - to - ber is his name.

*ff*

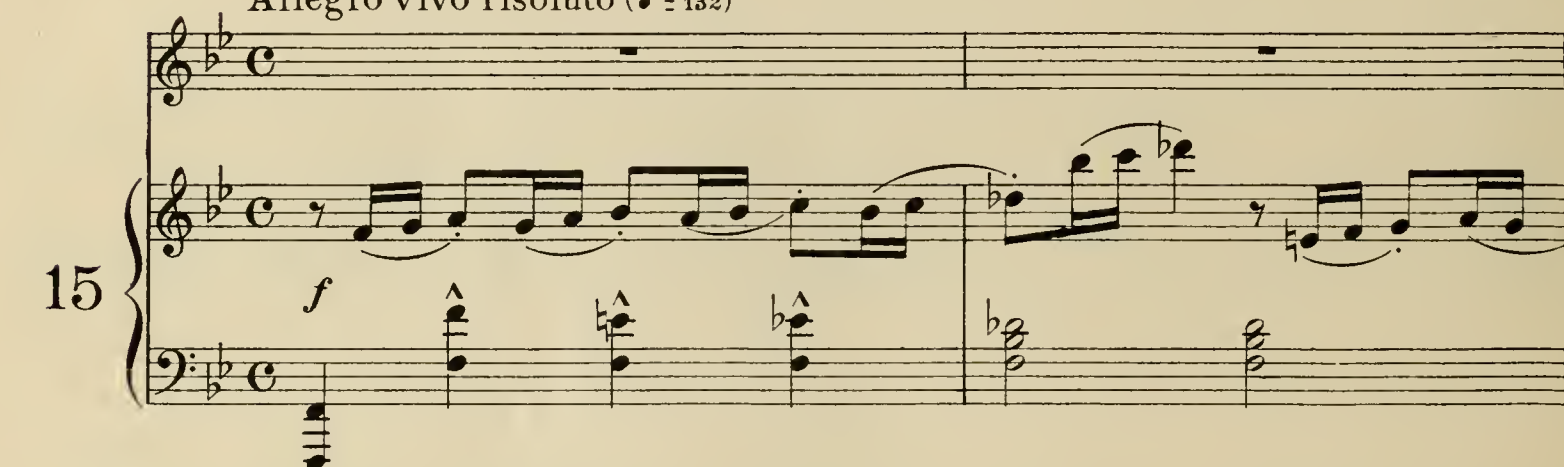


## THE FOAMING SEA

### SCHERZO

Allegro vivo risoluto (♩ = 132)

15 *f*

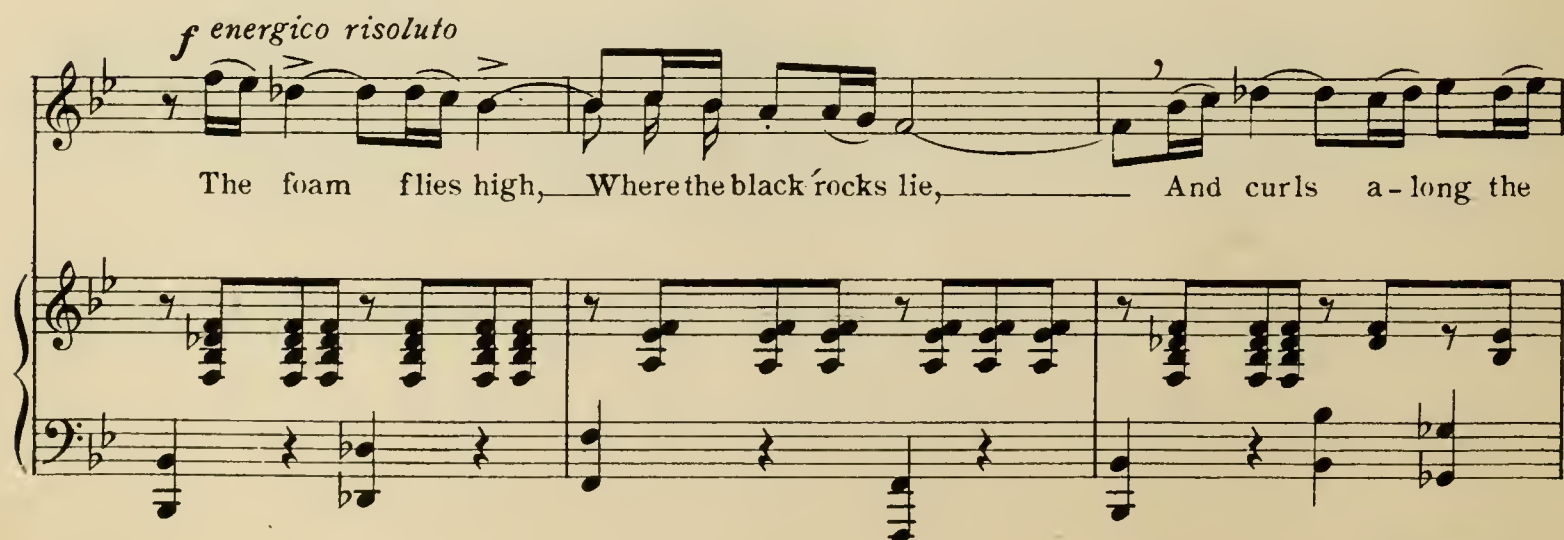


*poco rit.*



*f energico risoluto*

The foam flies high, — Where the black rocks lie, — And curls a - long the





shore, The laugh - ing waves, — In the hol - low caves, —

— Go tum - bling, tum - bling o'er and o'er. The sun - beams play, —

— With shift - ing ray, — On an i - ris - col - ored sea,

White sails — flash by, — Far down the sky, — For the wind — is blow - ing

free. The foam flies high, where the black rocks lie,

— And curls a-long the shore, The laugh - ing waves,

— In the hol-low caves, Go tum - bling, tum - bling o'er and o'er,

*Poco meno mosso*  
*p dolce*

Fath - oms deep, all still and fair, Lies a world of beau - ty.



rare, Rose and yel - low cor - als, float - ing pur - ple weeds, — For - ests

where the mul - let feeds. There no earth - sound e'er is heard, Hu - man

voice or spok - en word. — But in si - lent beau - ty, won - der - ful and

rare, — Fath - oms deep, that strangeworld lies all still, still and fair.

*frisoluto energico*

The foam — flies high, — Where the black rocks lie, — And curls — a — long the

shore. — The laugh — ing waves, — In the hol-low caves, —

— Go tum — bling, tum — bling o'er and o'er. The sun-beams play —

— With shift-ing ray, — White sails flash by, — Far down the sky, — The foam flies high, —

— Where the black rocks lie, — While, a-cross the sea, Now the wind blows free.



BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY



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OCT 21 1984			
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JUL 15 1987			
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OCT 13 2006			
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